

The Musical World

ESTABLISHED 1836.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED; IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

VOL. 69.—No. 26.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

PRICE 3D.

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For prospectus, &c., apply to JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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Director—Sir GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L., LL.D.

Next COLLEGE CONCERT, MONDAY AFTERNOON, July 1, at 4 o'clock.

Regulations and other information may be obtained from the Registrar, Mr. George Watson, at the College. CHARLES MORLEY, Honorary Secretary.

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Director of Studies—Professor BRADBURY TURNER, Mus. B.

The NEXT STUDENTS' CONCERT will take place on TUESDAY, July 9, CLASSES and LECTURES.

The NEXT TERM COMMENCES on 23rd SEPTEMBER, when new Students are received.

PRIZE ESSAY on a MUSICAL SUBJECT. Adjudicator, W. H. Cummings, Esq.—1. The Academic Board will award in 1889 the Gold Medal of the College for the best Essay on the following subject:—"On the respective merits of the Existing Systems of Musical Notation." 2. All Students and Members of the College (excepting only members of the Council) are eligible for the competition, and no competitor shall be eligible who has previously taken this prize. 3. Each Essay should consist of not more than fifty pages of foolscap size, averaging twenty-four lines per page, and eight words per line, and the MS. must be legibly written on one side of the paper only, and the pages securely fastened together. All MSS. must be sent to the College, addressed to the Secretary, on or before November 30, 1889.

Regulations on application.

By order of the Academic Board,

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Fee, three to five guineas, for instruction in four studies.

The names of new students received on and after April 29.

THE GRANTING of DIPLOMAS.

Professional and Amateur Musicians, as also advanced Students in Schools and Colleges, are informed that the London Academy of Music is prepared to confer its diplomas of Gold Medalist, &c., on applicants who satisfy a board of Examiners.

In order to render the proceedings free from the objections of the Local Examinations, they will be conducted only at St. George's Hall, London, and by foreign professors of celebrity.

The Next Examination is on Monday, July 29.

Forms of application and list of pieces to be studied sent by post.

C. TREW, Hon. Sec.

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President: Sir HERBERT OAKLEY, Mus. Doc. LL.D.

The next examination for Fellowship, (F.G.O.), will be held on the 23rd and 24th July.

The Annual General Meeting will be held at Lonsdale Chambers, 27, Chancery-lane, on Thursday, June 27th, at 4 p.m. By order of the Council.

J. T. FIELD, Sub-Warden.

MORETON HAND, Hon. Sec. pro tem.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CONCERT MANAGEMENT. Mr. BASIL TREE (Successor to Mr. Ambrose Austin), St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, is open to undertake the management of concerts.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Under the Management of Augustus Harris.—The company engaged includes most of the leading artists of the principal European opera-houses.—Box-office open from ten a.m. to five p.m. for future booking, and all day long for the sale of seats for the same evening. When seats are not procurable at the libraries they can often be obtained at the box-office, under the portico of the theatre.

LOHENGRIN.—MM. Jean de Reszke, Segnia, Abramoff, and Edouard de Reszke, Madame Furech, Madi, and Madame Niziles, TO-DAY (Saturday).—COVENT GARDEN.

STATE VISIT to the OPERA on JULY 2, by command of Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN. Full particulars will be duly announced. Court or evening dress.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

ORGAN and VIOLIN RECITAL.—Mr. G. F. HUNTLEY and Mr. H. W. HUNT will give their SECOND RECITAL at ST. GEORGE'S, Campden-hill, Kensington, W., on MONDAY, July 8, at 5.30. The programme will include:—Elegy, Allegro in B. minor (Rheinberger), Andante con moto (Carl Mosse), Andante and Rondo (Macfarren), Sonata (No. 5) in F sharp (Rheinberger) and Postludium (Ashton) for Organ alone. Vocal Solos by Mr. J. Gawthrop.

ROYAL COLLEGE of MUSIC.—Gaetz's Opera, THE TAMING of the SHREW, will, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, be performed by the pupils of the College at the PRINCE of WALES'S THEATRE, Coventry-street (by kind permission of Horace Sedgwick, Esq.), on WEDNESDAY, July 10, at 2 o'clock. Conductor, Professor C. V. Stanford, Mus. Doc. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. George Watson, Registrar, at the College, Kensington Gore, S.W.

MR. MAX HEINRICH will give TWO MORNING CONCERTS at PRINCE'S HALL TO-DAY (Saturday), June 29, SATURDAY, July 6, at 3 o'clock. Assisted by the following artists: Vocalist, Miss Lena Little. Solo Pianoforte, Herr Benno Schönberger. Solo Violin, Herr Willy Hess. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s.—Tickets of N. Vert; usual agents: at the hall; and of Mr. Max Heinrich, 140, King Henry's-road, South Hampstead, N.W.—N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W.

RICHTER CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, under the direction of Mr. N. Vert. Dr. Hans Richter, conductor. Leader, Mr. Ernest Schiever. Choir director, Mr. Theodor Frantzén. Programme of the EIGHTH CONCERT, MONDAY next, at 8.30: Symphony No. 4 in E (M.S.). (G. Hubert H. Parry (first performance); Concerto in D (unfinished) for pianoforte and orchestra (Beethoven) (first performance in England); Madame Stepanoff; closing scene from "Gotterdammerung" (Wagner); Miss Füllinger; Symphony, No. 8 in F (Beethoven).—Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., 6s., and 2s. 6d., of N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W., the usual agents, and at St. James's Hall.

FRAULEIN HERMINE SPIES SECOND and LAST VOCAL RECITAL, ST. JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY next, July 2, at 3 o'clock. The programme will include songs by Schubert, C. M. Webber, Schumann, Brahms, Emmrich, Massenet, C. Lova. Solo Pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Accompanist, Mr. Theodor Frantzén.—Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 1s., of N. Vert, the usual agents, and at St. James's Hall.—N. Vert, 6, Cork-street, W.

MR. SIMS REEVES has the honour to announce that he will give a MORNING CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S HALL on SATURDAY, July 6, at 3 o'clock. Artists:—Mdlle. Van Zandt, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Madame Trebell; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Folt. During the performance Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. J. L. Toole will recite. The Lotus Glee Club, from Boston, U.S.A. Solo pianoforte, Mdlle. Helene de Duncan (from the St. Petersburg Conservatoire). Conductor, Mr. Sydney Naylor. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 6s., and 2s. 6d., of N. Vert; usual agents; and at St. James's Hall.—N. Vert, No. 6, Cork-street, W.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

. We hereby notify to all concerned that Mr. W. Pearce is
no longer connected in any capacity with this journal.

. The Business Departments of the MUSICAL WORLD are now
under the management of Mr. L. V. Lewis, the Manager
of "The Observer," 396, Strand, to whom all communica-
tions must be addressed. Remittances should be made
payable to the Proprietors.

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FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Western prejudice in matters artistic has seldom been illustrated
more strongly than in an article which appears in our Belgian con-
temporary, "Le Guide Musical," upon the music at the Annamite
Theatre, which is so singular a feature of the Paris Exhibition.
It is not necessary to quote from the article, but it may be said
that it is written throughout in an unsympathetic vein which
is surely ill-chosen, in dealing with a subject of such interest
to all students of comparative musical science. The critic
discovers only horribly discordant noises, and relies of
musical barbarism, in the art thus illustrated. We shall
not go so far as to declare that to ears trained to appreciate the
modern music of Europe, much satisfaction is to be derived from

these primitive performances; but the adoption of the tone indi-
cated is scarcely to be commended. It displays a complete
inability to alter the critical standpoint, or to depolarise habitual
convictions—two things which must be accomplished by anyone
who undertakes to assess these performances at their true value.
What, it may be wondered, would the Annamites themselves think
of a Beethoven symphony?

Another dream of the hero-worshippers has been rudely dis-
pelled by Mr. George Lichtenstein, who contributes a letter of
great interest to the current number of the "Scottish Art Review"
on the subject of Paganini's gift to Berlioz of 20,000f. Every
musical schoolboy has read the pretty story of how the great
violinist, overcome with admiration of "Benvenuto Cellini," for-
warded the munificent sum to Berlioz in token of his worship for
"Beethoven's hero and successor." Everyone who read it had
cherished it as a proof of the eccentric fiddler's innate generosity;
but, alas! Mr. Lichtenstein's account of the matter is so circum-
stantial that the story can be believed no longer, save by those
amiable individuals who care nothing about the truth of a story
so long as it is well invented. The letter is of such importance
that we need make no apology for reprinting it in its entirety:

It was a few years before the Franco-German war that I stayed with my
friend Szarvady (husband of the famous pianiste, Wilhelmine Clausa) in
his charming villa, Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, when one Sunday Berlioz
and Heller were guests at dinner. When alone with Heller in the garden
I put many questions to him about Berlioz, with whom he was most intimate
since their youth, and there he told me that Paganini was only induced by
musical friends and others to hand over that money to proud Berlioz,
otherwise he might not have accepted it from the real donor, but which he
could well do from so rich an admirer and musician as Paganini was.
Berlioz had never opportunity of hearing the real facts. Heller seemed
to know everything circumstantially about the affair, and mentioned the
name of Hallé in connection with it; so it was easy for me to question Hallé
on one occasion only a few years ago in Edinburgh, and I was astonished how
well he recollected the case, with all incidents, with all names, which I tried
to keep in memory, and in a few words will reiterate it here.

At that time, about 1858, Liszt, Berlioz, Heine, Hallé, Heller, and many
other distinguished people met in the same literary and musical circles, and
often at the home of Monsieur Armand, editor of the "Journal des Débats,"
a friend and admirer of Berlioz, who as a musical *Feuilletonist* was connected
with the paper. Also Jules Janin, of whom many said that he gave the
donation. Armand, knowing the tight circumstances Berlioz lived in, and
yet not daring to send personally monetary help, hit upon the idea to do it
through Paganini, who was not easily persuaded, and only ceded to the
power of Armand's speech—to do it as a *deed of necessity*. A few years ago
there were only four persons—all contemporaries—living who knew the
story in Paris, and now there are only two left, viz., Sir Charles Hallé and
the old painter Mottet (or Motté), who could tell *viva voce* more than I am
able from hearsay.

I think there can be no harm done now to tell the truth.

GEORGE LICHTENSTEIN.

It is with something like a sigh that one takes leave of the
story which must henceforth inhabit the moon, where, as the
veracious Lucian tells us, most of the beautiful things lost on
earth are stored. It is certainly a pleasant trait of human nature,
that we should cling so affectionately to anecdotes of this kind.
The reasons are not far to seek. Genius is usually credited with
so many strange qualities, that most people who are not, after all,
so heartless or foolish as dyspeptic philosophers would have us
believe, are willing to accept any stories which show their heroes
in a more favourable light. We like to think of Beethoven in the
poor girl's attic, improvising the "Moonlight Sonata." Of course,
it is not true; but then it ought to be. Poor genius has so
much to answer for, we may well be a little credulous of any

imputed virtues, on whatever shifting grounds the imputation may be based. Perhaps in a few months we may even bring ourselves to believe once more in Paganini's generosity.

A special interest attaches to the programme of next Monday's Richter Concert, particularly for those who may feel satiated with the extraordinarily liberal doses of Wagner recently administered. In addition to the performance, by Madame Stepanoff, of the recently discovered first movement of a concerto by Beethoven—of which an account was given by Mr. J. S. Shedlock in our issue of the 23rd of March last—we are promised a symphony by Dr. C. Hubert H. Parry. This is not the symphony recently produced at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, as erroneously stated by a contemporary, but a brand-new one composed at the request of Dr. Hans Richter. Could anything be more inspiring to a composer than the certainty of having his new work performed at a Richter Concert? Those who have seen the score anticipate an unusual treat in listening to its performance. Though the work ostensibly stands in E minor, major keys are prevalent. The first movement in E minor ends in the major key. A short Intermezzo in E major leads to the slow movement in C major and minor. The Scherzo is in A minor and major and the Finale in E major. It is pervaded by a manly vigour, and throughout is remarkable for its strikingly melodious and genial character.

Our attention has been called to an exceedingly ingenious invention for enlarging the capabilities of the harmonium, which has been patented in England by Herr Hugo Beyer, a well-known Scandinavian musician. As Herr Beyer proposes shortly to give a *séance* at which he will exhibit his invention, we shall on the present occasion confine ourselves to saying briefly that its central idea is as follows. To the front of the instrument, below the keyboard, a row of small knobs is affixed, each of which corresponds with a note in the bass. On touching any of these the corresponding note is played; and as, after a little practice, the player can easily manipulate them with his thumbs, he is enabled to get the full effects of a pedal bass without removing his hands from the centre of the key-board. Such an addition to the resources of the instrument is obviously of considerable value, and the opportunity which will be offered to English musicians of inspecting the invention will doubtless be welcomed.

The sixth annual choral festival of the Association of Tonic Sol Fa Choirs will be held at the Crystal Palace to-day (Saturday), when Mendelssohn's "Athalie," amongst other works, will be performed by a chorus of 3,000 voices and a full orchestra, under the direction of Mr. L. C. Venables, with Mr. H. W. Weston, Mus.B., F.C.O., as organist. During the concert an unpublished fugue, written by Mendelssohn, as the closing number of "Athalie" will be performed for the first time.

The opera selected for this year's performance by the students of the Royal College of Music is Goetz's "The Taming of the Shrew." The performance will take place in the Prince of Wales's Theatre on July 10th, under Professor Stanford's conductorship.

The choir and congregation of St. Paul's, Middlesbro', have presented Mr. Clement A. Harris, A. Coll. Org., organist of the church, with, respectively, a walnut music cabinet and library table, on the occasion of his marriage.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD begs to inform his readers that, on and after July 6, the scope of the journal will be widened by the inclusion of a special section devoted exclusively to dramatic art.

THE REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF ENGLISH OPERA UNDER CARL ROSA;

BY HERMANN KLEIN.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is my purpose to trace this evening the progress and development of English opera during the past fourteen years. Within that period we have witnessed a remarkable recovery from the state of inanition into which Opera, as sung in our native language, had been allowed to sink. To whom the resuscitation is mainly due, and in what manner it has been accomplished I shall show presently; but, first of all, in order that you should be able to realise the full extent of the change, it will be essential for me to explain how matters stood prior to the autumn of the year 1875. I need not go back very far. You know, doubtless, that English opera flourished exceedingly for a considerable length of time at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of the late Mr. Alfred Bunn, who had the good fortune to have associated with him our renowned composer, Michael Balfe. During the course of their enterprise—that is to say, between 1835 and 1852—new works were produced that marked a distinct improvement, alike as to form and character, upon the "ballad operas" of the earlier part of this century. In point of fact this was the undertaking that gave us "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," and other works by Balfe, Vincent Wallace, Benedict, and Macfarren, which have enjoyed both fame and popularity. But somehow, after commanding extensive public favour, the enterprise broke down, and was not succeeded by one that could be worthily said to take its place until the formation of the Pyne and Harrison Company, which started operations at the Lyceum Theatre in 1856. The celebrated English soprano, Miss Louisa Pyne (happily still in our midst) and the equally celebrated tenor, William Harrison, gathered round them a capable *troupe*, with Mr. Charles Santley for principal baritone and the late Alfred Mellon as conductor. For a time all went well. They brought out new operas with conspicuous success, commencing in 1857 with Balfe's "Rose of Castille," which had a prolonged run, and following this up in later seasons with such works as "Satanella," "The Puritan's Daughter," "The Armourer of Nantes," "Lurline," and "The Lily of Killarney." The Pyne and Harrison performances were given at the Lyceum, Covent Garden, and Her Majesty's in turn, and received encouraging support until about 1863, when the lucky star of the undertaking began to wane. The immediate cause of the collapse in this instance is pretty well known. The management was accustomed to depend largely for the prosperity of the season upon the success of such novelties as might be produced. If a hit was made the opera would be run almost as continually as a successful play is run at the theatre nowadays. Well, it happened the principal novelty this time (it was the last opera written by Balfe for the Pyne and Harrison company) did not come up to expectation, and turned out a failure. There was no other attraction to fall back upon, and the whole enterprise soon afterwards came to an end. This dissolution left English opera in about as sore a plight as could well be imagined. As a form of lyrical entertainment it fell into disrepute. Year succeeded year without the slightest attempt on the part of any manager to reorganise it upon a decent scale. Save as to a moderate provincial troupe or two, and a few occasional performances at the Crystal Palace or a London theatre, opera in the vernacular virtually became non-existent. To all intents and purposes the native lyric drama in the land of Purcell was dead.

Suddenly in the midst of this *lacuna* there rose up a young musician—not a born Briton, burning with desire to restore the prestige of the National Opera, but a German, who, although he had no patriotic interests to serve, yet felt that he had an artistic mission to fulfil on behalf of his newly adopted country. You know the name of Carl Rosa well enough now; but what was known of the name and the man at the time to which I am referring? Comparatively little. In 1866—that is to say, when he was twenty-three years of age—

* A Lecture delivered at the Guildhall School of Music, June 20, 1889.

Carl Rosa had made his *début* as a violinist at the Crystal Palace, and had met with success without precisely creating the impression of being a great master of his instrument. Soon after he went out to America with the concert party of which the well-known prima donna, Madame Parepa—a native of Edinburgh, by the way—was the leading “star.” That engagement proved to be the turning point in Carl Rosa’s career. The singer and the violinist fell in love, and in the February of 1867 they married. They remained in America four years; there they established an opera company, Carl Rosa himself being the conductor, and they performed operas in English and Italian and gave concerts with the greatest success all over the States. Well, they made a fortune, and then came back to England, but only for a brief space. They returned to America again and yet again, and it was only in 1873 that they came home for good. It seems now to have struck this artistic couple that there was something to be done *with* and *for* opera here. After a short holiday they called their company together and made a tour in the provinces. They had not dared to start in London—that would have been much too risky a proceeding; but so well did they do in the country that they made up their minds to try a season in Drury-lane in the following spring, and produce as a grand novelty no less a work than Wagner’s “Lohengrin,” which as you may be aware, had not down to that time been heard here either on the English or the Italian stage. This was a splendid project, but, alas! it was not then to be realised. In January, 1874, Carl Rosa lost his gifted wife, and the enterprise was forthwith abandoned. But the idea dwelt still in the active brain of the musician (now verging upon the prime of life), and after remaining dormant for a while the seed began to take root again, and it grew and grew until at last the one all-pervading thought of Carl Rosa’s existence was “I must try English opera in London.” We know, do we not, how ill-prepared was the ground for such an enterprise? The state of things was absolutely desperate. English opera, if it did not “spell ruin” in the metropolis, at any rate meant certain loss. Besides, it furnished no reliable working repertory—for the favourable operas of native composers had been hackneyed to death. And where, after all this lapse of time, were first-rate English speaking opera singers to be produced? Never for an instant, though, was Carl Rosa discouraged by the difficulties that arose in his path. He was a real enthusiast; his soul was in his art, and, with his experience and command of ways and means to help him, he was sanguine of success. He had determined, moreover, upon a new “plan of campaign.” Very properly regarding English opera as synonymous with opera sung in the English language, he would come forward with a repertory practically unlimited in extent, bringing the *chef d’œuvres* of the great masters side by side with the popular works of British composers. He would cast aside that curse of opera, the “star system,” and depend for attractiveness upon a strong and even *ensemble*—a method of operatic working hitherto but little practised or appreciated in this country. He would engage the best obtainable singers. He would have a chorus that could sing in tune, and an orchestra that should include our leading players; and he would prepare to mount every opera with the utmost completeness of detail. Finally, he would charge the public ordinary theatre prices—no more. Well, all these plans were duly formulated and carried out, and early in the month of September, 1875, there appeared in print the prospectus of the Carl Rosa Opera Company’s first London season.

It would be difficult to describe to you the sensation caused by the appearance of this prospectus, still more difficult to exaggerate the interest taken by the musical public in the preparations for the new English opera season. Every reserved seat at the Princess’s—the theatre taken for the purpose—was speedily bought up; and when the opening night arrived the audience which filled the house was one of the most representative that had gathered to witness an English operatic performance for many years. In order to give you an idea of the importance attached to this revival I cannot do better than quote a few sentences from the articles of one or two of the leading critics that appeared at the time. In that excellent musical paper, “Concordia,” now no longer in existence, we read as follows:—“If English opera should ever be considered a sufficiently important class to have a special history devoted to it, the historian will be obliged to take notice of the fact that on the 11th of September, 1875, the English company formed by Mr. Carl Rosa commenced its performances in London. During our time, and even during the last few weeks, attempts have been made to establish English opera company in the land where, if anywhere, it ought to flourish, but without anything resembling permanent success.” And further:—“Since the Pyne and Harrison Company, no serious attempt to organise a *troupe* for the representation of English operas has been made until Mr. Carl Rosa came to the front; and

Mr. Rosa has now brought forward the most complete *troupe* yet formed for such a purpose. His main idea seems to be the establishment of English opera on a cosmopolitan basis. Thus he looks everywhere for composers, and is ready to accept from all parts his principal artists. But the artists must sing in the English language; and among the works produced he is inclined to give the preference to those of English masters.” Let me now read to you a few lines from the notice of the opening performance, written for the “Times” by that lamented critic, Mr. James W. Davison. He begins as follows:—“Amateurs old enough to have been present may still retain agreeable memories of certain performances at the Princess’s Theatre when the late Mr. Maddox was lessee and director. It was then the custom to give English versions of Italian and French operas, and occasionally to produce original English operas as well. A new work or a *début* of some new singer at the pleasant little house in Oxford Street used invariably to be looked forward to with interest, which was easily explained by the fact that for the most part the entertainments were very good, sometimes, indeed, excellent. Nevertheless, it is but fair to add that no purely operatic representation so complete and effective in all respects as that with which Mr. Carl Rosa on Saturday night began his advertised series of performances had ever been previously witnessed at the Princess’s Theatre even in its most halcyon days. The Carl Rosa Opera Company has long been talked about in circles where the necessity of reviving English opera in London has been discussed, and the belief in the probability of success is maintained with more or less assurance. Those who think, as we do, that the non-existence of any such establishment, amply provided, is discreditable to a popular city like London (where music of almost every kind is brought forward in such abundance), and who regard the lyric drama as one of the most engaging forms of artistic expression, hail with satisfaction this new and spirited endeavour to revive it. They must have found their opinions strengthened in the unanimously hearty appreciation, by a densely-thronged audience, of the admirable performance on Saturday night. Everything passed off well; from the rise to the fall of the curtain there was scarcely a point to justify unfavourable comment.” So spoke the “Times.”

(To be continued.)

THE OLYMPIAN ACADEMY.

When the management of the Kensington “Olympia” first announced their intention of holding an exhibition of those pictures which, whether from want of space or want of merit, had not succeeded in gaining admission to the Royal Academy, the enemies of the latter institution took heart of grace. For years there had been many who, for reasons best known to themselves, had persistently averred that the Royal Academy was the headquarters of British Philistinism; that its members occupied themselves chiefly in stifling genuine merit; that they only encouraged mediocrity and themselves—these ends “being scarcely two;” that, in short, the R.A. was in no wise representative of British art. Therefore, they said, when the “Rejected” Exhibition is opened, the world will see the justice of our criticisms. All the budding geniuses who have knocked in vain at the doors in Piccadilly will send their works to Olympia, and we shall have an exhibition which will show, once and for ever, with what dishonest incapacity the national picture-show is managed.

Such were the amiable prophecies uttered by many. And even those who, without sharing these opinions to the full, perceived that certain reforms were necessary in the Academy, if it were to become truly national were not averse to the proposal. For the most impartial must frankly admit that the Immortals of Burlington House are apt to walk in ways not understood of critics or men. There are instances of the rejection of works of high merit; there is an apparently resistless tendency towards the walls of the Academy of works which embody the dull and domestic rather than the artistic British instinct. Headed by a cultured and courtly gentleman who possesses every Academic quality—except genius—its effect upon English art has been not wholly for good. But this is nothing new after all. There are limits to the powers of such a body, which, from the educational point of view, is compelled, in the very nature of things, to confine itself to teaching those things which can be taught. The best part of the artist’s craft is not to be conveyed in any way; and so we find that original genius does not often come out of an Academy. It carves its own way, and to a large extent follows its own methods. An Academy, therefore, is nothing if not Academic. But the public mind is for the most part

too impatient to reason the matter out. It hears the loud complaints of the mighty army of the Unappreciated—than which there is none more powerful in all Boredom, and much interest has been displayed in the exhibition of pictures crowded out or rejected from Burlington House, which was opened on Saturday last.

The question of how far the reputation of the Academy is to suffer, or be enhanced, by this exhibition can easily be answered. If the pictures here shown are in any degree representative of the thousands annually rejected from the larger institution, then it must at once be admitted that Sir Frederick Leighton and his fellows are amply justified. It has seldom been a critic's lot to visit a more amazingly mediocre collection, absolutely considered. We shall not go so far as to say that there are no good pictures at all; but it is certain that, if there be any such they are hidden and overwhelmed by the mass of idiotic or execrable pictures. Those familiar with contemporary art will look in vain for well-known names. Where are the struggling geniuses who were now presented with a unique chance of catching the public eye? If repressed merit be here at all, it has been so sternly repressed—by the artist—that it is almost invisible. How is this? The only qualification asked in any picture was that it should have been rejected by the Academy—surely no hard condition to fulfil. No artistic ability was required of any sort—and here, we are bound to confess, the requirement has been admirably met. When this is realised, together with the fact that amongst the pictures annually rejected there must be some of merit, the only inference is that the best among the rejected artists have not chosen to proclaim their disconsolate state to the world by the means here offered; and therefore the Exhibition cannot be accepted as representative, to any far degree, of the art which has not been admitted to the Academy.

It would serve no good purpose to review the collection in any detail. We shall not stay to discuss the motive which prompted the painter of No. 1, "Born to be hanged," to choose so suggestive a title, or to ask whether it refers to artist, picture, or subject. We may, indeed, suggest that Longfellow's well-known poem affords no evidence that the Village Blacksmith was a negro, though the painter of No. 109, "The Village Blacksmith in Church," holds a contrary opinion. We have not seen "The Argentine in its glory," as it is depicted in No. 25, but we confess our inability to perceive the "glory" of purple cows. Of No. 344, "Rizpah watching over her dead sons," it is sufficient to say that if Rizpah were really thus, no other guard would be necessary; and of No. 351, "A Festival in Heaven," that it is the most terrible result which has yet come under our notice of the awful jubilee year. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the reputation of the Royal Academy for honesty and capacity stands higher to-day than it has done for many years past.

TWO POLONAISES OF CHOPIN.

BY F. B. WYATT-SMITH.

(Continued from page 394.)

Those amateurs who have time and inclination to seek out their own pianoforte music, and are thus independent of the public caterers—no disrespect is implied in the term—for their supply of musical food, must frequently be surprised at the endless repetitions of some works and the comparative neglect of others of equal merit by the same composer; while they are occasionally roused to amazement by some unexpected "first performance." "Can it be possible," they say, "that this particular work by so popular a master has not been publicly performed before?" One of these remarkable instances was recorded early in the present season, when Herr Stavenhagen was announced to play, for the "first time," Chopin's "Polonaise-Fantaisie." The reason of this work not having been attempted by any but first-rate public performers may lie in its difficulty; and the average amateur may not love it because he cannot read it with sufficient ease to make much of it, on account of its restless tonality. The entire work appears to have been difficult to express, though it is by no means laboured in effect. Constantly the key is far removed from that which the signature indicates (ten sharps is at one time the actual key, and even the second bar land us in the remote key of A major); but there seems no cause for its having been hitherto overlooked by leading pianists and good amateurs.

Mr. Niecks, in his valuable life of Chopin, says:—"I know of no more affecting composition among all the productions of Chopin than the "Polonaise-Fantaisie." What an unspeakable, unfathomable wretchedness reveals itself in these sounds! We gaze on a boundless desolation," and

so on to the same effect. He also quotes Liszt's estimate of the work, which agrees with his own.

Now some musicians are fond of making merry over the fact that scarcely two critics will agree when they attempt to analyse the *spirit* of a work of art. As long as a cold description of the outward form is adhered to—a dry enough piece of reading which most people skip—there is little chance of the reports differing, but let the writers once try to penetrate beneath the surface, above all, let them attempt to find in natural phenomena an analogy to the qualities that strike them in the art-work, and the most widely differing pictures will be presented.

But why wonder at this? We see everything not so much with different eyes as in different lights. Let us pause a moment to take in the full force of that hackneyed phrase, "I never saw it in that light before;" for words we use so carelessly often lose their significance to us. Let us picture a wide expanse of sea on a dull autumn evening just before sunset, the sea and sky one uninterrupted gray, a little fishing boat rowing in. Impression:—a dull scene enough, dreary and depressing from its boundlessness, the boat and fishermen the essence of commonplace, work-a-day, drudgery. Suddenly the setting sun breaks through the clouds and shines full on the little boat. Impression:—a grand scene, with something divine in its boundlessness; the little boat has a romantic, unreal interest. Yet nothing but the light through which we saw the scene was changed.

Further, even the same light on the same scene will impress differently two beholders; where one will describe the moonlight as weird and melancholy another will find it peaceful and soothing. While from a mountain top one will feel an exultant sense of freedom, another will experience an agony of restless longing such as Goethe referred to when the spirit said to his Wanderer: "There, where thou art not, is rest;" and that Kingsley in his "Starlings" so gracefully applies not to place, but to time. "Sad, sad to think that the year is but begun," they sigh in the spring, and in autumn, recalling those very days, they say, "Sad, sad to think that the year is all but done."

But we do not, because others will differ from us, shut up our feelings and impressions about nature and art in our own hearts; we endeavour, on the contrary, to make others see in the same light, and from the same point of view as ourselves.

Now, while agreeing with Liszt and Mr. Niecks in their opinion that the "Polonaise-Fantaisie" is most melancholy in its earlier parts, we think they overlook the triumphant close, which surely leaves anything but a final impression of sadness. We think also that neither critic gives the work due appreciation, though Liszt does say it comprises "thoughts that in beauty and grandeur equal—I would almost say surpass—anything Chopin has written."

In one respect it seems to stand alone among Chopin's works, and that is in the constant and varied uses made of the principal theme, and of fragments of it. This is a point which seems hitherto to have remained unnoticed. Usually the phrases of which Chopin's melodies are composed were not significant in themselves; or, at least, he did not develop them as vital, and divisible from their original surroundings: but here we have the opening notes rounded off as a separate phrase, repeated with ever-varying meaning, and the second half of the leading melody pervades the entire work, from the introduction, where it creeps in stealthily, to the close.

In its entirety, the principal subject appears three times, and never did a subject appear in three more opposite characters. First it is heard as a true polonaise with a rhythmic accompaniment; next, above a restless counterpoint, troubled, anxious, and somewhat feverish. The middle section, which has something in common with the first movement of the sonata in B minor, follows, with its new and more fantasia-like materials. In the second part of this section a novel accompaniment is introduced as counterpoint to a melody that has grown out of the opening phrase. On repetition this new subject gains greater prominence, and in the closing section of the work it becomes all-powerful. This final section is perhaps the most jubilantly triumphant piece of writing that Chopin has given us, as it is also the most logically and patiently evolved. It is a genuine climax—a very passion of joy—which at one point, both in melody and modulation, comes strangely near the love-duet in "Siegfried."

As the "Polonaise-Fantaisie" is easily obtainable to speak for itself, it seems strange that anyone should find occasion to speak for it, but it has not spoken for itself yet except to a select few. When it is generally known it can scarcely fail to be acknowledged as one of its author's most tender and beautiful creations, as it is unquestionably among the most robust, bracing, and thoughtful.

MADAME MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

The subject of this brief memoir was born at Lemberg, in Galicia, in February, 1858. At a very early period her father, who was a good musician, taught his child to play the piano and violin, and so rapid was the progress made that when only six years of age she appeared at a concert given at Lemberg, and performed solos on both these instruments with extraordinary success. She was naturally regarded as a wonder-child, and she and her father, who was lost to every consideration except the cultivation of his talented girl, wandered from town to town, and lived in a truly Bohemian manner. At the age of fifteen Marcella entered the Conservatoire at Lemberg, where she commenced a course of serious studies under the direction of Professor Wilhelm Stengel. She subsequently went to Vienna for further study, and here she encountered Franz Liszt, who prophesied a brilliant future for the young artist. Probably one of the most singular features in a remarkably eventful career is that up to the age of sixteen no one had discovered a trace of her beautiful voice. She was first heard in private, and at once advised to devote herself to the vocal art. She went to Milan, and studied under Lamperti, and at the age of twenty appeared as Lucia at the Royal Theatre, Athens, where she at once established herself as a prima-donna of the first rank. From that time to the present day her career has been an uninterrupted series of artistic triumphs both in the old and new worlds. In 1877, the year of her *début* as an operatic singer, Marcella Sembrich married Professor Stengel, the guide of her youthful studies. Nature has endowed Madame Sembrich with a voice remarkable for its range and purity, which, with uninterrupted perseverance, she has brought to a high state of cultivation. It must not be forgotten, however, that, in addition to her accomplishments as a vocalist, she is a skilled musician, and that her knowledge of music and her performances on the piano and violin would alone entitle her to rank among the most distinguished in musical art.

MUSICAL EVENINGS AT HOME.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADES OF DR. AIKIN AND MRS. BARBAULD.)

BY FREDERICK CORDER.

(Continued from Page 377.)

FIFTH EVENING.

EARS AND NO EARS; OR, THE ART OF HEARING.

Well, Robert, where did you go to yesterday? said Mr. Crotchet to one of his pupils after a Bank holiday.

Robert. I have been, sir, with a half-price excursion ticket (fraudulently obtained, for, as you know, I am over thirteen) to Brighton.

Mr. Crotchet. Well, that's a pleasant trip.

R. I thought it very dull, sir. I scarcely heard a sound that could be called music. I would rather by half have gone to the "Pops."

Mr. C. Why, if hearing classical music be your object, you could, indeed, hardly go to a worse spot on earth than Brighton. But did you see William?

R. We went down together, but he lagged behind me on the front, so I went on and left him.

Mr. C. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to listen to this thing and that. I would rather be alone. I dare say he has not got home yet.

Mr. C. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

William. Oh, sir, the pleasantest excursion. I saw a person drop a ticket in the street, so I picked it up, and was thus enabled to visit the charming town of Brighton gratis.

Mr. C. Why, that is just the jaunt Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dullness, and prefers London.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me; and I have brought home my head full of curious things.

Mr. C. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. I shall, Sir. The excursion train started at eight in the morning, and did not reach its destination till two in the afternoon. We had to leave again at five in order to reach London by midnight; but this, though

curtailing our sojourn in Brighton, enabled me the more fully to study the musical tastes of my fellow passengers, of whom there were twelve going and eighteen returning.

Mr. C. Doubtless the closeness of your fellowship induced much conviviality.

W. Oh, yes. During the morning journey they beguiled the time by singing hymns with great vigour of voice, though scarcely, I thought, with much religious fervour. In the evening, their utterance being very indistinct—from fatigue, I suppose—they confined themselves to secular ditties of a popular kind which appeared to have no words to speak of.

R. Songs without words? Did not one of the great composers write music of this kind?

Mr. C. Scarcely, I think. Besides, Mendelssohn's "Lieder" were for the pianoforte.

W. And these were accompanied by a cornet and a concertina, which after awhile gave me a strange sinking sensation in the stomach. Pray, Sir, why does a dog always moan so at the sound of these instruments?

Mr. C. Different animals' ears are differently constructed. A dog, on hearing a concertina, always appears to wish that he were dead.

W. I caught myself wishing the same thing after five hours of it. Well, once arrived in Brighton, what a rich treat was there for the student of music! Bands—German, Hungarian, and even English—were there to be heard, sometimes two or three together. But what struck me as the most curious was a fife and drum band. Pray, Sir, how comes this singular phenomenon to exist?

Mr. C. It is hard to say. The combination of the two extremes of musical sound, the ultra-bass with the ultra-treble and an empty gap of seven octaves between them, is one of those freaks in our musical taste which cannot be accounted for. But we have taught ourselves to like it, and that is enough.

W. Next I listened to three German youths playing brass instruments. Their music was so singular that I presently accosted them and inquired into the cause, when it appeared that a fourth member of their company, who played the bass, was unwell, so they were doing the best they could without him. I further discovered that the others were suffering from the same complaint in a milder form, and were unaware that their music had got mixed up, so that they were all three playing different pieces at once.

R. Pray what is the name of this distemper? I know it is a very common one.

Mr. C. It is known as *Bankolidipsia*, and is, as you say, a very common illness.

W. Well, then, upon the front I witnessed the performances of countless scores of artists, chief among whom were the Mysterious Musicians.

R. Pray what are those? I confess I neither saw nor heard of them.

Mr. C. They are not uncommon at watering places, but William can doubtless inform you further.

W. Oh, they are currently believed to be dukes in disguise, and I can well believe it, for I remembered to have seen one of them at a London music hall which is frequented by the noblest in our land. One played a piano mounted on a truck, and the other sang. A servant in livery held a salver for contributions, but solicited no one. I cannot say that the performance was at all good, but this is additional evidence for the patrician rank of the performers, who, of course, like all aristocrats, had merely dabbled in music.

R. But wherein lay the mystery?

W. As to their identity. They wore blue spectacles, slouch hats, wigs, and voluminous cloaks with the collar turned up, so that their aspect was that of the mysterious stranger in a melodrama, who as you know, usually turns out to be the duke in disguise. Was not this high art?

Mr. C. Highly artful, indeed.

W. Next I saw a poor man labelled, "Deaf and dumb," grinding the handle of a small organ whence issued no sound whatever. I could not understand this for some time till I saw him turn round to speak to a friend, and I then perceived that the placard alluded to the instrument and not to the man.

Mr. C. Your inference was natural, but I fear erroneous. The dumb organ was intended to make the passers-by believe in the performer's deafness, and consequent inability to perceive the defect of his instrument. I fear the man was a rogue.

W. Lastly, time being up, I returned to the station over the hill, thus visiting the more sedate parts of the town. But what an amazing number of schools!

Mr. C. And a proportionate number of pianos, I warrant.

W. In one street were two schools next door, and a third just opposite. I listened and counted no less than seventeen pianos all audible at once.

Mr. C. Prodigious, indeed! And did you notice anything else?

W. As to what they were playing, five were playing pieces by Grieg, five were playing Beethoven's Sonata "Pathétique," and the rest Sydney Smith. As to the manner of their playing, they were one and all assiduously practising mistakes.

Mr. C. Ha, ha! you have hit the British maiden hard there. But what a number of ideas this Bank Holiday has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing. Did you hear none of these things, Robert?

R. I heard some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. C. Why not?

R. I don't know. I didn't care about them, and I was very glad to get home.

Mr. C. That would have been natural if you had been sent there for your good, but as you only went for amusement it would have been wiser to have taken it where you could find it. But so it is—one man walks through the world with his ears open and another with them shut. I have known music-students who have been to every Conservatorium in Germany and could tell you nothing but where they drank most beer. On the other hand, a Wagner could not cross the Channel without being inspired with a masterwork. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your ears; and you, Robert, learn that your ears were only given you to be pulled.

ROBERT BROWNING, TEACHER OF MUSIC.

BY SIDNEY R. THOMPSON.

VII.—"ABT VOGLER" (CONTINUED).

The cry of every artist who has created a beautiful thing, or seen a lovely vision, is ever thus. He would know that his vision is that of some reality, existent behind the world's phenomena. He desires that his heart's utterance should have some final sanction. And so it is that Abt Vogler, in the poem, seeks for some assurance that his noble palace of music is, indeed, stabler than a dream of the night; and he turns to God himself, who has prompted the vision. How shall we doubt that what comes from Him is changeless and eternal. In "Evelyn Hope" the lover, standing by the death-bed of the fair girl who died before she knew his love, finds comfort in the thought that God "creates the love to reward the love;" he knows that if a thing has been called into existence, sooner or later the end of that creation shall surely be accomplished. And here, too, is the certainty that, if the God beheld as one of utter love have granted a vision of things high and holy, the vision shall be accomplished. Nor does his faith end here; it leads him on to view life and its mysteries with a firmer hope in ultimate good. No good thing, he sees, can ever be lost. Evil is not a positive, and eternal, reality; it is only the negative silence which in itself implies sound and music. The highest truths are seen here only as broken arcs; a little while, and, as Emerson says in a passage not unlike the sentence in the poem, we shall see them come full circle in the heaven. And yet again does the artist's faith ascend a step higher; what is here seen of actual good, is now affirmed, with even more certainty, of all noble thoughts and dreams.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by.

It would, it is obvious, be possible to discuss from the religious or the purely philosophical standpoints, the theories here so plainly stated by Mr. Browning. Such is hardly my purpose or scope, which is rather with the artistic side of the statements. But it is certainly noteworthy that the most considerable poet of our time, a man who has passed a long life amongst his fellows, looking on them with no shrinking eye; whose sympathies are, if anything, almost too turbulently disposed to break down the barriers of conventional thought and prejudice; it is noteworthy, I say, that we should find such a man giving so absolute general assent to beliefs in an ultimate principle of good which are not seldom regarded to-day as

antiquated or effete. Tennyson, in the poem on which his future fame will rest most surely, is by no means so definite in his faith. He "faintly trusts" in some larger hope; he "can but trust" in the time when every winter shall change to spring. But Mr. Browning is much more emphatic. "There shall never be one lost good"—this is his splendid assurance to the weak and faithless, who, seeing the stars vanish from their sky, would tell us that there is neither morrow nor moon. They are as the hopeless dwellers in the City of Dreadful Night. Looking into the marble face of Melancholia they find no comfort; they gaze only—

"The strong, to drink new strength of iron endurance.

The weak, new terrors; all, renewed assurance

And confirmation of the old despair."

But to Mr. Browning the face of Art is not pallid, her lips not dumb. Flushed with the eastern glow, she breaks, Memnon-like, into song, and the song is a prophecy of the final triumph of truth and beauty. All the dreams that have failed of their fulfilment on earth; the lover's soaring passions unattained; the good thing dreamed of for an hour—these all are as music, sent up to God. That he has heard, is enough. Somewhere they wait, in more rounded beauty, in more divine completion, themselves the highest sanction for the artist's work; no longer the vision of a poet's brain, the swift song from the melodist's heart. For, in this long vista of eternity, the things that have seemed so real in this first life are but as semblances of the realities behind; and in art, but shadows of the semblances. "The best in this kind, are but shadows."

Again, a *crescendo*. In the new bright light in which life is looked at now, it is seen that evil and sorrow are only the foils of good. Present failure is in itself the correlative of future success. Discord is permitted now that the exultant harmony shall be prized the more. Evil is but the shadow; and as long as there is a sun to shine, and a man to struggle, by whatever painful steps and slow towards the sun, so long shall the sun cast shadows. The path to the sun's heart is steep and long; and, as we near his level, the backward shadows are longer too. But at the last, when the end is reached, when light blazes around and above, there will hardly be shadows then. "Nature excretes the evil," said Vernon Lee once, in a metaphor less feminine than forcible. Mr. Browning would show us that evil is negative, and good the only actuality. This, too, is of a piece with his teachings elsewhere expressed. To him life is no final thing; it is but the scene of the first struggle, the first probation, whose issue is carried over into other, and yet other, lives. Therefore, to him, the first requirement is that the present struggle shall be borne bravely. *Effort, aspiration*, such are his mottoes. The harder a man fights here, the stronger shall be his nerves and muscles for the next fight, the higher climb. And so, to vary the metaphor, when a soul has reached the highest point, it is understood that the rough places of the way were only to afford a surer foothold; that what, in the close-strained sight, seemed toilsome rocks in the path, were only the wide-hewn steps by which the soul has climbed.

And of all artists, the musician is the one to whom the clearest perception of these things is given.

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal or the woe;

But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

Whatever has been claimed for music by other writers, seems feeble indeed beside the splendid dogmatism with which Mr. Browning thus asserts the absolute veracity of great music. He gathers up here, with sure grasp, all the smaller uses of the art, and binds them into one transcendent quality. Poet and painter, as he has already said, may be proud of their calling, but inasmuch as reason and thought enter into their work, which therefore may lose somewhat of its initial directness, their truth is not so absolute, so unalloyed, as is that of the musician. Straight from the divine heart comes the impulsive whisper which forever lays all doubts and fears to sleep. Nothing is left to the influence of the human mind, tempering the impulse or restraining the passionate truth. Undisturbed alike by the wrangles of the schoolmen, and the conjectures of empirical philosophers, the musician may rest contented, waiting his inspiration. Still the beauty of his dream is its own highest sanction of truth; he knows that his gospel is authentic. In one of his most characteristic essays Mr. Pater once remarked that all art tends to the condition of music. What was the precise significance attached by its author to the phrase, it would be presumptuous to declare; but it would seem not wholly dissimilar from the ideas of music here suggested by Mr. Browning. This unconditioned, absolute veracity,

as I have already called it, may be thought the highest attribute of all art; and, to-day at least, there is a plainly visible tendency towards this on the parts of other forms of art. It is hardly possible to describe it in words; but something of it may be seen and felt in certain pictures and poems of Rossetti, which aim rather at inducing a mood than at awaking conscious thought. It is beside the question to discuss how far this may be accomplished with propriety, though it is obvious that, carried too far, it would result in a complete blurring of the defining lines of each art. For the present, such distinctions are necessary; and, to those whose imagination will carry them no farther than the present order, they may seem eternal. Nevertheless, one has dreamed sometimes of what may perhaps be under other conditions of life, in which the need of concrete symbolism for the interchange and communion of thought may be felt no more. As this need became weaker, the concrete arts would change; music, the most abstract and spiritual of them all, remaining till the last. But as, even here, some concrete expression is needful, this too must change, until in that last analysis, where passion and prayer are one, some still more spiritual means of communion shall be revealed. Scarcely art, since art is but symbolism, and then there will be no need of dark symbols and hinted comparisons, which have fulfilled their purpose in leading the soul home to the very inmost sanctuary of truth. There the face shall be unveiled, the dreams vanish, and the reality remain. Nay, rather it shall be as Richter has so nobly said; we shall wake to find our dreams still there, and only sleep gone. The old saying shall come to pass; he who looks at last on the face of truth, seeing it as it is, shall be changed also into its own likeness.

FOREIGN NOTES.

M. Ysaye, the Belgian violinist who met with such success at recent Philharmonic concerts, and has been making a concert-tour in Italy, has been decorated with the order of the Crown of Italy.

The rehearsals of "Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan" will, it is announced, commence this week at Bayreuth.

M. Paladilhe's work, "Patrie," which has been wonderfully successful in Paris, will be presented on several German stages during the next season, under the title of "Vaterland."

M. Godard's new opera dealing with the story of Dante and Beatrice will be put in rehearsal almost immediately at the Opera Comique. The work, as already announced, is in four acts and five tableaux.

The Théâtre-Lyrique will shortly be the scene of the first performance in Paris of Verdi's opera, "La Bastille de Legnano." The work was written about 1848, being thus contemporary with "Il Trovatore."

Miss Abbott, the American singer and operatic manager, has gone to Paris with a view to making arrangements for the production in America next season of M. Massenet's "Esclarmonde," which it is also contemplated to bring out shortly at Vienna, Brussels, Lyons, Rheims, and Grenoble.

Including the stock of the publishing house of Lucca, and ten operas recently acquired, the firm of Ricordi now owns the respectable number of 328 operas.

MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

At the Duchess of Rutland's garden party on Saturday at Bute House, Campden-hill, the band of the Leicestershire Militia, from the neighbourhood of Belvoir Castle, the Duke's estate in Leicestershire, played a selection of music very creditably, while the guests amused themselves by walking in the charming grounds and playing lawn tennis.

On Saturday afternoon, at 121, Westbourne-terrace, M. Johannes Wolff charmed Mrs. Bompas's company by his delightful music.

Mrs. Chinnery had some very agreeable music at her pretty house in Park-lane on the evening of Tuesday last.

Between two and three thousand guests were present at the annual *soirée* of the Royal Academy on Wednesday night. The music was supplied by the band of the Royal Artillery, who had been secured, as is usually the case, when the Hungarians are unobtainable.

An interesting programme of music was provided for those guests—and they were many—who attended Mrs. James Livesey's party on the evening of the 20th at 6, Upper Phillimore-gardens. The fashion of having printed programmes at functions of this kind seems to be on the increase, and rightly so. In the present instance the music was under the direction of Mr. Raphael Roche, and was consequently of the best kind. The artists were Mdlle. Delphine Lebrun; Miss Marian Mackenzie, who sang charmingly in songs by Sullivan, Arne, and Sainton Dolby; Signor Mhanes, whose beautiful voice gave full effect to De Lara's "After Silent Years" and Tosti's "Venetian Song;" and M. Johannes Wolff.

Mme. Belle Cole, Signor Mhanes, and M. Johannes Wolff were the artists who undertook to entertain musically Mrs. Rennie Cockerell's guests on Tuesday evening at 36, Westbourne-terrace. Mme. Cole, who was in splendid voice, sang Gounod's "Ruth," and "Serenade," and Schira's "Sognai;" Signor Mhanes gave songs by Costa and De Lara, and M. Wolff played in his most admirable style pieces by Thomé, Wieniawski, Fauré, and himself. The Misses Katharine and Marie Rennie also played a duet, the former young lady joining Mr. Raphael Roche, who conducted, in Moszkowski's "Bolero."

A very successful "Ladies' Night" was given at the Grosvenor Club on Monday, when Mme. Sara Palma, from La Scala, made a highly promising *début*. Mdlle. Sandon, Signori Carpi and Pasini also contributed songs in excellent style; while the solos of Signor Papini on the violin and of Signor Mattei on the pianoforte were not less enjoyable.

A *conversations* was held on Tuesday night at the Galleries of the R.S.P.W.C., where the exhibition of works by the British Humorists in Art is now being held. A large and brilliant crowd assembled, and an interesting musical programme was carried out by the Bijou Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. Pougher.

CONCERTS.

Concert-givers are requested to notice that, owing to the heavy demands made during the season on the staff, no concerts can be noticed unless tickets are sent to the office of the MUSICAL WORLD (396, Strand) at least four days in advance of the advertised date.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The present season of this Society's concerts was brought to a close on Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Cowen conducted a programme which was in all points worthy of the occasion. The "Eroica" symphony and the "Flying Dutchman" overture were the principal orchestral items, and of these Mr. Cowen's orchestra gave satisfactory account. The chief interest centre around the three soloists—Miss Hermine Spies, Miss Teresina Tua, and M. de Pachmann. Miss Spies, in addition to the lieder which she sings with such consummate art, essayed Handel's air, "Return, O God of Hosts." Whether she is altogether an ideal singer of oratorio music in general, is a question not to be quickly decided; but it is certain that her present choice was amply justified, for she interpreted the air with all adequate breadth and dignity. Miss Tua gave an extremely finished if cold performance of Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor; and M. Pachmann played with the orchestra, Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise, in his most delicious style. It should be said that both the artists last named were entreated by the audience for "more," requests to which they replied, in the case of Miss Tua, by a piece by Bach; in that of M. Pachmann, by Henselt's somewhat too familiar "Si oiseau j'étais."

The annual dinner of this renowned society took place on Monday last

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at the Criterion Restaurant; Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in the chair. In proposing the usual loyal toasts, his Lordship commented on the musical tastes of the Royal Family, and on the patronage which the Queen has, ever since her accession to the Throne, extended to the Philharmonic Society. We may mention the fact that Her Majesty subscribes for four stalls during every season of the Society. Lord Coleridge proposed "The Philharmonic Society (to which he has been an annual subscriber for more than 40 years) and its Officers" in an eloquent speech, and the toast was acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. E. Stephens. "The Press" was proposed by Mr. W. H. Cummings in one of the best speeches of the evening, and was responded to by Mr. Joseph Bennett in an amusing speech, in which he pointed out the absurdities of some recent amateur criticisms of musical critics, and read from a novel by Miss Corelli a criticism of Sarasate, framed in a "high falutin" style, which awakened roars of laughter. Mr. Southgate responded to the toast of "The Guarantors;" other appropriate toasts were proposed by Mr. Francisco Berger and Mr. Alfred Gilbert; interesting speeches were made by Mr. Frederic Cowen and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, and the festivities terminated with the toast of "The Chairman," proposed by Mr. Henry Hersee, and genially responded to by Lord Coleridge, who said that however high might have previously been his estimate of the proposer's ability as a musical critic he should henceforth be disposed to think that he was too much inclined to flattery.

Amongst the 108 diners were Signor and Madame Ardit, Mme. Nordica, MM. Weist Hill, Kuhe, Cliffe, and many other ladies and gentlemen eminent in the musical world.

THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

When so generous an effort is made to please an increasing section of the public as that which resulted in the exclusively Wagnerian nature of the last Richter concert, it is perhaps ungracious to complain. We have every desire to recognise the earnestness which underlay that enterprise; and are keenly gratified that such unmistakable signs of the growing popularity of the Bayreuth master's works should have been exhibited. But we cannot feel that the old arguments against concert room performances of his music are answered, even in the presence of the great crowd which filled St. James's Hall on Monday. How many, we may ask, amongst that great and enthusiastic audience were able to realise, with any truth, what should be the full effect of the great Forge scene from "Siegfried," as they heard it sung by Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Nicholl, in faultless evening dress? To how many was the true significance of the two scenes from the "Meistersinger" apparent, admirably declaimed though it was by Mr. Heinrich? And what of the strange mystic splendours of the "Parsifal" excerpts, of which, robbed of their dramatic surroundings, but the mere skeleton was seen? It may seriously be asked whether the artistic earnestness and enterprise displayed might not be more valuably applied, if concentrated into a great effort to secure if it were but a single performance of one of Wagner's works in its completeness.

To speak thus is no grateful task, but one to which we are driven by love of a great cause. It is more pleasant to turn to the performance itself, where praise need not be stinted. The only purely orchestral item was the blatant overture to "Rienzi" given, of course, very finely. To the interpretation of the Schmiedelieder from "Siegfried," Mr. Lloyd and Mr. William Nicholl brought all their art and knowledge, with excellent results, the performance being greatly in advance of that of last year. Mr. Lloyd also sang Lohengrin's Final Scene, in which sheer beauty of voice went far to compensate an unusual but happily slight want of fire. The vocal honours of the evening were certainly carried off by Mr. Max Heinrich, who in Sachs' Monologue, and in the address to Walther, from "Die Meistersinger," moved an already excited audience to further enthusiasm by the breadth and dignity with which he declaimed the music. It remains only to be said that the Richter choir performed the choral numbers from the first act of "Parsifal," the closing chorus from Act III. of "Die Meistersinger," and the choral portion of the Kaisermarsch, fulfilling the requirements of each satisfactorily.

MR. CUSINS' MORNING CONCERT.

As usual, Mr. Cusins' annual concert proved an ample feast of good things. The concerted piece was Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, finely rendered by Signorina Tusa, Signor Piatti, and the concert-giver. A

pleasant glimpse of the olden time was provided by Mons. Van Waefelghem's two solos, written by Milandre in 1770 for the Viole d'Amour. Miss Tusa's selections were Ernst's "Air Hongrois" and some pieces by Chopin and Sarasate, all of which she played with great fire and delicacy of expression. The "cellist of 'cellists," Signor Piatti, gave Schubert's "Ave Maria" and his own pretty and lively Tarantella. Mr. Cusins played several solos, his rendering of Chopin's "Fantasie-Improvisation" in C sharp minor being particularly refined and clear, while the same composer's "Scherzo" in B flat minor gained much by the avoidance of the crashy style so frequently adopted by modern pianists. Those of the audience who cared for vocal performances must have been delighted with Mme. Valda's florid execution of an air from Rubinstein's "Demon" and Verdi's "Saper Vorreste." Mme. Patey, also in splendid voice, sang Handel's "Ombra mai fu" and "The eyes of the Lord," from Cusins' "Gideon;" while Mr. Barrington Foote was heard to advantage in "Nazareth" and Schubert's "Aufenthalt." The humorous element was supplied by Mrs. Kendal in two of her inimitable recitations.

SIR CHARLES HALLE'S CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT.

A closely packed audience filled St. James's Hall on Friday last for the seventh concert of the series, when Dvóřák's string quartet in E, Op. 80, was performed for the first time by Mme. Neruda, Herr Ries, Herr Straus, and Herr Franz Neruda. The work, from its first to its last note, reveals the power, fertility, and originality of the composer; the opening movement with its bold, clear subjects leads to a most beautifully tender "Andante con Moto" in A minor, succeeded by a rather complicated Scherzando. The finale, an "Allegro con brio" contains such a profusion of melodic ideas and so much variety of treatment that the listener finds it somewhat difficult to grasp on a first hearing. Sir Charles's solos were Chopin's Nocturne in E and Barcarolle in F sharp. Of these the first seemed exquisitely "dreamed" rather than played; while the rippling phrases of the other were given in a deliciously liquid style. In Grieg's Sonata in C minor (for violin and piano) Mme. Neruda proved her deep sympathy with the weird and shadowy northern music, throwing herself completely into its alternations of vehement passion and rustic simplicity. The concluding piece was the so-called "Horn-Trio" in E flat, Op. 40, of Brahms, the executants—Sir Charles, Lady Hallé, and Mr. Paersch—entering fully into the character of each movement. The rendering of the solemn grief-laden "Largo e mesto" was particularly impressive.

"ELIJAH" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Few words only are called for by the performance on Festival scale of the "Elijah," which took place on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace. It would serve no good purpose to discuss here the artistic value of such performances or to inquire how far the work chosen corresponds to the needs of the case. It is sufficient that the great transept was thronged by an enormous crowd, who testified in an unmistakable way their appreciation of a performance which was on the whole excellent. The "Baal" choruses and "Be not afraid" were, perhaps, those numbers which went best; and with Meadames Albani and Patey and Messrs. Lloyd and Foli as soloists, the result can be easily imagined, though it should in fairness be said that the chief honours were carried off by the soprano and tenor. Assistance was given in the concerted numbers by Miss Squire, Miss King, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, Mr. Frangcon Davies, and Mr. Plunket Greene; and Mr. Manns, who conducted, is to be congratulated on a performance which it would be difficult to improve upon.

HERR EMIL BACH.

The principal interest of the concert given on Tuesday by Herr Emil Bach was certainly centred in the reappearance in London, after an absence of some years, of Mme. Sembrich. This artist, who merits no lesser word than "great," was heard in airs by Mozart, Donizetti, Schumann, and Rubinstein, in all of which she achieved the most unequivocal success. A graceful tribute to the singer's exceptional powers was given by Mme. Nilsson, who was amongst the audience. At the conclusion of the Mad Scene from "Lucia" the great Swedish artist left her place, and offered the magnificent bouquet which she had been carrying to Mme.

Sembrich—which may serve alike as a testimony to the latter's greatness and the giver's generosity. Other items of interest in the concert were the artistic renderings by Miss Lena Little of songs by Goring Thomas and the concert-giver, who also contributed to the programme in his character as pianist, playing a concerto by himself, which contains a graceful slow movement. M. Hollmann played very admirably the beautiful "Kol Nidrei," for violoncello, and the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Cusins, performed Mendelssohn's "Isles of Fingal" overture, and a well-written overture, "Les Travaillleurs de la Mer," by the conductor.

SEÑOR ALBENIZ.

On the occasion of Señor Albeniz's first Recital, a fortnight ago, no doubt was entertained of that artist's digital dexterity, nor of his ability to give masterly renderings of works by Liszt and other composers of the very modern pianoforte school. Those opinions are, in the main, confirmed by his second Recital, given at St. James's Hall on Monday last, although Señor Albeniz was as brilliant but decidedly less neat than before and far less under the wholesome control so absolutely necessary to all performers. His reading of Bach's Italian Concerto was very unsatisfactory, and that of Handel's Gavotte, with variations, but little better. Rhapsodical music seems best suited to his peculiar temperament, but even in such pieces he often "tears a passion to tatters, to very rage." It is quite exhausting to follow Señor Albeniz's spasmodic changes of time and his wild fortissimo passages; he makes his listeners feel that life is very short—so short that one needs to be in a constant state of hurry-scurry, flurry, and fluster. Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, with its poetic introduction, received scant consideration in its delicate passages; the Berceuse of Chopin was, however, more tenderly treated. That and Chopin's Polonaise in E flat, Liszt's "Rhapsodie" and "Murmures de la Forêt," and Señor Albeniz's own compositions were the best performances of the afternoon. If it be desirable to sacrifice Wagner's wonderful orchestral colour by giving such excerpts as the Walküren-Ritt, on the piano, thereby turning that instrument into a platform-orchestra, it may be confessed that Señor Albeniz is nearly unapproachable in the rendering of such transcriptions.

NINETEENTH CENTURY ART GALLERIES.

The guitar, in spite of the band of Spanish guitarists who recently invaded London armed with guitars of different sizes, can scarcely be looked upon as an orchestral instrument; and, though Verdi's "Otello" contains a serenade with accompaniment for guitars and mandolines, we know of no opera the full score of which includes a part for the guitar. If only, however, as a protest against the less romantic banjo—the cultivation of which is beginning to assume alarming proportions—the guitar ought not to be allowed to die out; and, as a drawing-room instrument capable of being handled with grace, it is said to be regaining something of the favour with which it was regarded in olden times. Miss de Lisle Allen gave on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., at the Nineteenth Century Art Galleries, a concert at which the guitar playing of the concert-giver formed the chief feature in the programme. The accomplished guitarist was assisted by Mme. Zimeri, Miss Adèle Myers, Miss Belval, Miss Van Heddingham; Mr. Bernard Lane, Mr. Laurence Kellie, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, and others. The rooms were crowded by an audience which showed itself delighted with the performance.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

"Tuppins and Co." described on the programme as an "Original Buffarretta," was played for the first time on Monday, and achieved an instant success by reason of its genuine humour, wholly free from vulgarity, and the pretty sparkling music which Mr. Edward Solomon has fitted to Mr. Malcolm Watson's book. Mr. Alfred Reed in the character of a jealous greengrocer acted as admirably as ever, and with such power as to show more than once how thin is the dividing line between farce and tragedy. Miss Fanny Holland as his attractive but innocent spouse, Miss Kate Tully as their sprightly daughter Harriet, Mr. Duncan Young as an amorous singing-master, and Mr. Walter Browne as a "comic" Irishman with even more than the proverbial humour of his race, were wholly excellent. Turning to the music, Mr. Solomon has

written much which, if not strikingly original, is at any rate tuneful and unpretentious. By far the best number is the quartet, "The Family Skeleton," of which the burlesque horror was admirably realised by the performers. The piece was followed by Mr. Corney Grain's diverting sketch, "My Aunt's in Town," which is as fresh and piquant in its humour as the best of its predecessors.

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

MISS ROSA LEO.—It could be wished that all those singers who undertake to give "Vocal Recitals" would offer programmes so attractive as that provided by Miss Rosa Leo on Monday last. Her own contributions were naturally the most important, and, although drawn chiefly from the classic song-writers, did not leave modern English art of this sort unrepresented. Perhaps the most interesting item was the great scena from Massenet's "Herodiade," "Il est doux, il est bon." This was declaimed by Miss Leo with entirely adequate dramatic intensity, so that the listener was driven to ask how long it will be before the work is set before us in its entirety. To equally great advantage were the singer's powers displayed in songs so varied as Godard's "Te souviens-tu?," Raff's "Serenade," Bizet's "Vieille Chanson," and Kellie's "Douglas Gordon." Mr. Franklin Clive's fine voice and method found ample scope in the beautiful romance from Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," an effective new song by C. J. Hargitt, "A soul-felt love," and Schumann's duet, "Ich bin dem baum," in which he took part with Miss Leo. Mr. Lawrence Kellie sang two of his own songs, and Signor Simonetti contributed some violin solos; while Mr. Arthur Helmore convulsed his audience with two humorous recitations. Mention should be made of the admirable way in which the accompaniments were played by Miss Bessie Waugh and Mr. Bendall.

MISS LUCILLE SAUNDERS gave her first concert on Monday afternoon at 105, Piccadilly, with the assistance, amongst others, of Miss Geraldine Umar, Mr. Kellie, and M. Johannes Wolff. The occasion was naturally one of interest to the many friends of the young American lady who, by virtue of an exquisitely sympathetic voice and a refined method, has achieved so much success in London. It is a pleasure to record that of late Miss Saunders has made considerable advance in her art. Her voice is fuller, her style broader and more certain; but she may be cautioned against attempting songs too high for her voice. On the occasion in question her good qualities were excellently exhibited in Lawrence Kellie's "You ask me why I love," in a charming new song by Hope Temple, "Espérance," and in Cutler's "Golden Years," to the varying requirements of which she answered so fully as to justify even higher hopes of her future. M. Wolff played, in a now happily familiar style, pieces by Vieuxtemps and Moszkowski; Mr. Kellie sang three of his most effective songs; Miss Umar sang the waltz air from "Romeo et Juliette" with much *verve*; and Signor Carpi took the place of Mr. Courtice Pounds, who was unable to appear, and took it extremely well.

MISS NELLIE AND MISS KATE CHAPLIN gave a concert at Prince's Hall on the evening of Tuesday last, which was well attended. Those who were present, it must at once be said, were amply rewarded, for a programme of considerable interest was carried out very admirably by these accomplished young ladies, who were assisted by Miss Mabel Chaplin, Mme. Belle Cole, Miss Margaret Hoare, Miss Meredyth Elliott, Mdle. Olga Islar, Miss Kate Percy Douglas, Mr. Wm. Nicholl, Mr. Bridson, and Mr. A. D. Saxon. With so lengthy a list of artists, it is obviously impossible to do much more than record the successes achieved by the concert-givers in their own performances. Miss Nellie Chaplin gave a charming reading of Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, and Miss Kate—who is, we believe, a pupil of Mr. Pollitzer—played on the violin Saint Saens' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, wherein she displayed such excellent technique, intelligence, and refinement of taste as justify good hopes for her future. Miss Mabel chose as her 'cello solos the andante from Goltermann's concerto and Dunkler's "La Fileuse," in each of which she obtained well-deserved success, for which her artistic phrasing and good intonation were more than sufficient warrant. The three sisters also joined their forces to great advantage in Rheinberger's Trio, Op. 112, and the March from Schumann's "Phantasiestücke." The names of the other artists associated may well be taken as presumptive evidence of the high level maintained throughout the programme.

MR. WILHELM GANZ's concert took place at Dudley House on Tuesday afternoon, when the well-known professor was heard to much advantage in performances of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, and Mendelssohn's trio in the same key, being joined in the latter instance by MM. Wolff and Libotton. The list of artists who came to his assistance was so long that any attempt at detailed criticism is impossible in the space at my disposal; but we may record the successes achieved by Miss Georgina Ganz, whose flexible and well-trained voice was well exhibited; by Mdma. Patey, who gave her audience unbounded pleasure by her admirable art; by Miss Nikita, and Mr. Edward Lloyd.

KENSINGTON TOWN HALL.—As we had rightly foreseen, a concert announced to take place at the above hall on Monday night, June 24, must have resulted in a financial loss, although artistically speaking, we are happy to say it was an artistic success. The entertainment was got up by the following students, recently returned from Milan:—Miss Patti Winter, Mr. James Appleton, and Mr. Robert Newman. These three vocalists were assisted by Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Caverhill-Shiels, Miss Emma Jenkins (both pianoforte), Mrs. Albert Barker (recitations), and Herr Polonsaki (violin), with Miss H. Lane Wilson and Bernard R. Fisher as conductors. We have every reason to regret the small attendances, for the concert proved to be far above the usual average. The singing of the three students may at once be pronounced as excellent, and we have no doubt that more will be heard presently of these clever young artists. At any rate, they have our best wishes for their future career, and they ought to appeal again to the public at a time of the year when London is less busy. The programme was a miscellaneous one, and calls for no particular notice.

MRS. CARLISLE CARR.—Princes' Hall was fairly filled on Monday last by a very appreciative audience, when a concert was given by Mrs. Carlisle Carr, who, in conjunction with Miss Sybil Carlisle and Mr. St. John Carr, sang several songs and duets in a creditable and pleasing manner. Miss Alice Gomes was favourably heard in an air of Gluck's and a song by Mr. Henschel, the latter, however, being more suitable to a lighter kind of voice. Violin solos were given with tasteful expression by Mr. Louis Schmidt, and the accompaniments were in the safe hands of Messrs. Fountain Meen, and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, the latter gentleman also giving an animated rendering of the Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

SAINT MARYLEBONE RESTORATION FUND.—A most interesting concert was given on Tuesday afternoon at St. James's Hall in aid of the restoration fund of St. Marylebone. Nothing but praise can be given to such singers as Miss Margaret McIntyre and Mlle. Jane de Vigne, and such reciters as Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. James Fernandez. Mr. Edwin Houghton has a good tenor voice and an excellent method. Mr. Stanley Smith, a deep bass, gave two songs well suited to his voice and style. Mr. Alec Marsh contributed three items, and Mr. Isidore de Lara sang two of his own compositions in his well-known manner. The only solo instrumentalist was Mons. J. Jacques Haakman, whose broad reading, clear tone, and refined expression were displayed in three violin pieces. The choir acquitted themselves very ably in part songs by Eaton Fanning, Schumann, and Pearsall. Mr. Kinke's harmonium obligato accompaniments deserve mention, as do those of Miss Waugh on the piano.

MISS ISAACSON gave a concert on Tuesday afternoon at Prince's Hall, when, with the assistance of Miss Palmer, Mr. Carrodus and Mr. Howell, she presented a programme, which, composed entirely of familiar items, calls for little criticism. Miss Isaacson is a pianist of the "legitimate" school, of refined conception, neat in execution, but somewhat lacking in enthusiasm. Her solos were Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and the "Waldstein" sonata, in each of which these qualities were well displayed, as also in the concerted numbers, which included Beethoven's Trio in C minor and Schumann's Quartet in E flat. Mr. Carrodus played, in his most fortunate style, Wieniawski's perennial "Légende et Mazourke," and Miss Palmer contributed songs by Rossini and Mozart.

MR. JAMES A. BOYETT gave a *matinée musicale* at St. James's (banqueting) Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 26th inst. The concert-giver's own performances consisted of Bishop's too hackneyed "Pilgrim of Love," the old Irish melody, "The Meeting of the Waters," Gounod's "In the Spring Time," and Sterndale Bennett's "Maiden Mine." Mr. Boyett is the possessor of a pleasant tenor voice, which has been sufficiently well-trained, and may be expected to improve still further. But he should be recommended to cultivate a more distinct enunciation of the consonants. The other artists who assisted were too numerous to be named in detail, but

exceptional success was earned by Miss Eleanor Rees, Mdlle. de Lido, Miss Marianne Rea, and Mr. William Bradford. Mr. Orton Bradley and Mr. Sinclair Mantell officiated at the piano both as accompanists and as soloists. There was a good attendance.

M. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.—A concert was given in the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon by the pupils of this gentleman, an opportunity being thus afforded for the exhibition of educational results, which were in every way satisfactory. It is obvious that M. Dolmetsch trains his pupils on sound classical fare, for amongst the names on the programme were those of Purcell, Christopher Simpson, Beethoven, Corelli, and Handel. This is as it should be. We may single out as deserving of special mention Miss Dolmetsch, a young lady of about nine years, who plays the 'cello in a highly promising way; Mr. A. Roddis, who possesses a good tenor voice; and Miss Buzzard, who played some violin solos in praiseworthy style. A band, consisting of about eighteen young ladies and about twelve youths, contributed various pieces, amongst them being some interesting compositions by the concert-giver.

MR. DE MANBY SERGISON gave an interesting concert on Wednesday afternoon at Prince's Hall, when he was assisted by, amongst others, Mrs. Belle Cole, Miss Robertson, Mr. Arthur Oswald, and M. Leo Stern ('cello). In conjunction with M. Nachez the concert-giver was heard to advantage in Beethoven's Sonata in F major, and with M. Leo Stern in Rubinstein's "Salon Shicke," Op. 11, No. 4. Miss Robertson gave "Caro Nome" and Haydn's canzonette, "My mother bids me," in her familiar style; Mme. Cole and Mr. Oswald sang excellently their allotted songs; and Mdlle. Jeanne Douste played very brilliantly pieces by Wieniawski and Chopin.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FETE.—The annual fête of the Sunday School Union was held at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday, when two concerts were given respectively by the Junior Choir, under the direction of Mr. J. Rowley, and the Festival Choir, conducted by Mr. Luther Hinton. The latter, consisting of 5,000 voices, performed most creditably a varied selection of choral numbers, including Beethoven's "The Heavens proclaim Him;" while the Junior Choir, numbering 2,500, gave with equally praiseworthy results some simpler but not less effective pieces. Mr. David Davies presided at the organ.

CAMBRIDGE GRADUATES IN MUSIC.

The Senate of the University of Cambridge has recently been revising and defining the academic dress of the various faculties. As regards the Faculty of Music, it has revived, as the festal robe for the Doctors, the old robe of "damasked cream-white silk, lined with dark cherry-coloured satin," and the hood is to be of the same description. The rights, however, of those who are in possession of the scarlet robes, recently in use, and who may not care to change them, are expressly reserved. The Doctors' robe for ordinary use is a black gown of the same shape and material as that worn by Doctors of Medicine but with "a double row of Doctors' lace on the lower part of the collar." The Bachelor of Music will wear, as hitherto, the same gown as that worn by the Bachelors of Arts and Law, but the hood will be different, viz.:—"dark, cherry-coloured satin," and as the most frequent use of the Mus. B. hood is in conjunction with the surplice, there is no doubt that the new hood will be a great improvement. As regards the precise form of academic dress to be used on each occasion by Mus. B.'s or Mus. D.'s, when in the precincts of the University itself, the best information is to be obtained from the College Tutor or some other resident official, as occasion may require; but for ordinary use elsewhere it may be stated that the hood is always worn whenever a surplice is worn and also with the black gown whenever the wearer is acting as examiner or in any scholastic capacity when hoods are worn by graduates of other Faculties. The cream-white Doctors' robe would be most naturally worn at a high musical function (choral festivals, &c.), or other similar occasion.

The head-dress is the ordinary square college cap for both degrees, though the Doctor is entitled to wear the round velvet "Doctors' bonnet" when wearing his white gown, and would be required to do so when wearing it at the University. For all details as regards the price, material, &c., application should be made to the Cambridge Robemakers. Messrs. Hunt and Co. robemakers (opposite the Senate House) have registered the materials specially selected by the authorities.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.



MADAME MARCELLA SEMBRICH.